

The Acolyte

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The Acolyte

by [Maidenhair_Tree](#)

Summary

Alana sells tickets to the public to observe Hannibal in his cage. It is really not wise to participate in ridiculing the Ripper.

Previously posted on Twitter

During Hannibal's residency at the Baltimore State Hospital for the Criminally Insane, Alana found many ways to have her revenge on her former mentor/lover/friend.

People were willing to pay a lot of money to observe Hannibal in his glass cage. They pointed at him and openly ridiculed and harassed the Ripper. Some dropped their pants and mooned him. Others played thrash metal. Multiple copies of *The Inferno* were destroyed before him along with many supposed flags of Lithuania. The flags often belonged to other countries that shared the same colors, although a few Union Jacks had also been destroyed for unknown reasons. Portraits of Beethoven were regularly burned, defaced, or urinated upon, an uneducated choice since Hannibal preferred another German great, Johann Sebastian Bach.

Many mocked his prison clothing. Cheap material with no color that Lecter wore with elegance and aplomb. A reminder that style is inherent and not dependent upon quality.

Some brought pictures of Abigail Hobbs, naively believing that the reminder would hurt the Ripper. He remained untouched.

One intuitive woman brought a picture of Will Graham with his new bride and held it up while drinking cheap champagne. The Ripper had stood unmoving and stared so intensely that she had fled. She later shared on Facebook she could feel his desire to peel the skin from her living body.

And so it went on until Will Graham unveiled his plan to capture the Tooth Fairy.

Within ten years of Lecter's disappearance, all of the BSHCI observers were dead. All of their deaths were gruesome but none more so than the intuitive woman who had indeed been flayed alive.

Jack Crawford marveled at how Lecter had managed to identify them. The FBI had encouraged everyone to remove all comments from their social media, which suggested that someone had previously been tracking these individuals on Hannibal's behalf. Will Graham or the still unidentified woman from Florence were the obvious answers. But no sightings had been made of any of them in the past decade.

Good disguises and good hideouts could presumably go only so far but the culprits went unapprehended..

What Jack never contemplated was that none of his suspects had anything to do with the retribution. That Hannibal Lecter and Will Graham had not survived the cliff side plunge, and the Atlantic had carried their broken bodies in opposite directions, separated in death just as they had been in life. That Lecter's death had freed the mystery woman from obligation.

Jack never considered that Lecter had nurtured darkness in multiple patients and had attracted multiple acolytes, most of whom the doctor never even met.

So Jack underestimated and people died and the public largely blamed the dead for having played with fire. They complimented themselves for having the good sense to not poke the beast or to show indifference to a violent man who had been declared legally insane.

Safe in her island fortress, Alana Bloom said nothing. Understanding Lecter's aversion to humiliation, she had initiated the zoo like atmosphere with the direct goal of humiliating Hannibal. She had ensured that the most crude had received admission first.

Alana received some criticism for this but it did not reach her. She now lived in an exclusive bubble where she heard only what she wanted.

And in a suburb of Baltimore lived a quiet man who worked in the laundry of the BSHCI. A man who possessed two of the three uniforms that Lecter had worn and now treated them with the gentle care of priceless shrouds, a man who had been working on the courage to gift the Ripper with the names of his tormentors. A man who had now amassed more known kills than were attributed to his hero. A man who would ultimately die alone and unmourned but at peace with the knowledge that he had touched greatness. A man whose will explicitly stated that he be buried in the two BSHCI uniforms in his apartment, both bearing the label HL and layered one on top of the other.

The launderer had even made Freddie Lounds his sole beneficiary and executor, a wise decision that would guarantee that his wishes would be met.

All that he had left to do was to ensure that he died before Jack Crawford.

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